

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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## CLASS POEM.

### KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is dark, tenderly strong, and meek,  
A child of heart. Her hair is flowing free  
And gleaming with the dusk of Tuscany;  
The fires of every Spring's peach-blossoms seek  
A cradle in the whiteness of her cheek.  
Sometimes her voice rings with immortal glee,  
But oftner with a passionate melody  
In which the souls of buried centuries speak.

If lightly she but touch me with her finger  
A sudden thrill runs through me; if she lean  
And lay a warm lip on my brow, my breast  
Shakes with a hundred-hearted beat. To linger  
Long gazing on this glowing mother-queen  
Is to be soothed, and lulled in sweetest rest.

### GOODNESS.

When Goodness consecrates a brow, a shade  
Of sanctity illumines it, and shows  
That twilight peace is there. As comes and goes  
In orange flowers the blush of a maid,  
Such Goodness' modesty. It is laid  
Impartial as the richness of a rose  
That blooms for all on coronets, and knows  
The peasant head, the sceptre, and the spade.

Like stars at eventide this lucid gem  
In dusk and darkness seems no rarity,  
For gloaming is its proper atmosphere.  
Oh, she who feared to touch the garment's hem  
Her Saviour wore, grew strong. His charity  
To humble Goodness: "Daughter, be of good cheer."

BEAUTY.

If in the night my heart be cypress bound  
A silvery Ave slips away and leaves  
A luminous path from which my angel weaves  
Such Beauty about the Virgin's face that drowned  
Both death and night. And she with glory crowned  
From lids as white as lilies flashes sheaves  
Of golden gladness to the soul that grieves  
And swathes it with a love in angels found.  
From the depths of Beauty's satin eyes springing  
Wisdom intuitive that gathers in a man  
Unto a heart of love. When Sorrow's sting  
Spills all the crimson treasure, it flows singing  
And ripening angel energy whose span  
Far reaches as the angry lightening.

CONCLUSION.

A merry wassail once held three young knights,  
A good knight and a learned knight and a fair.  
In their silver cups the dark wine burned and there  
Cheer they made and drank and laughed, these merry  
wights.  
Now gray and blue and crimson were the lights  
Flashing from the capes that they bare,  
But they struck their swords together in the air:  
"All for one and one for all when each fights."  
Today we strike together all our blades  
Spirit sabres for the mother-Faith, in strife  
For Knowledge, Goodness, Beauty honor we.  
And though our capes may vary in their shades  
Our deeds of crimson, blue, and gray through life  
Will flow into one white eternity.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

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COMMON SENSE.

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(BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS DELIVERED BY REV.  
H. F. KROLL, FT. WAYNE, IND.)

Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Alumni, Friends,  
and Patrons of St Joseph's College!

You do not, I know, expect me this morning to detain you for a long time with the details of an elaborate subject, and will not take it amiss if I only give you some points on a matter, which I deem appropriate for the occasion, leaving the development of the same to your own mental faculties. For this day offers such variety of matter for consideration and my clerical duties constantly pending upon me scarcely give me the wished-for time to address you this morning.

Still considering various reasons and demands of gratitude on account of favors received in the past from the good and kind fathers of this institution, and beholding so many bright young men, ready to set forth on life's perilous ocean, I could not refrain from giving a listening ear to the kind and urgent invitation, tendered to me by your worthy Rector and Faculty.

Before however I begin I must ask some indulgence on your part; for in glancing over the bright and intellectual lights of this learned audience, and reflecting that there are so many assembled here this morning, who for years have given themselves to the pursuit of science and literature, methinks others might have been found to whom



more ample time is given and who might have done greater justice to the occasion.

Having however given my word and thus finding myself carried along by the current of the stream of the inevitable, allow me to address you this morning on a subject upon which depends the success of every man's future career.

We daily behold numbers of young people going into the world to seek their fortune, some in one profession, some in another, and each endeavoring to attain eminence in his respective calling. When, however, we consider and compare the number of those who succeed with those that are merely deficient, we must necessarily conclude that there is a guide-post, by which those who attain eminence are directed; and this guide-post, as I shall endeavor to show you this morning, is no other than COMMON SENSE.

*Common Sense*, in its general acceptation, means that faculty, by which man, on all occasions, forms practical judgments, and looks at matters in their true light, and with an impartial mind; that faculty which makes him agreeable to himself and to his neighbor, which should constitute the leading feature in the career of every eminent man.

*Common Sense* is as old as the age of man. The germ thereof has been implanted into our very nature by the Creator, and it has only to be nurtured and cultivated, to blossom and bear the choicest fruit.

The ways of the school are not the ways of the world. It is a pity that it should be so, but so

it is. Our difficulties in life must be settled by our own experience and judgment. While the youthful aspirant is laying the corner-stone of the edifice of his future life in some school or college, his doubts and difficulties may be settled by books and professors; but when he is thrown out into the world and has to rely upon his own responsibility, how mightily deficient will he find himself, if he has not added to his store of knowledge the practice of *Common Sense*? Reference to school-books cannot always be had, and if it could, it would not always settle our difficulties and waverings. Besides, the mere pedant is never a desirable companion, and the pedant of school-books is a perfect nuisance. Learning, like all other methods of improvement, as it furnishes good sense, so it makes a silly person ten-thousand times more unsupportable, by supplying variety of matter to his foolishness and giving him the opportunity of abounding in absurdities. Furthermore we find so many fads in some of our educational institutions, that, as a recent author says: "There is so much *learning* in our days, that good, old-fashioned *Common Sense* almost looks like foolishness." Be this as it will, one lamentable fact we all know: There are and have been in all ages many learned persons who are very deficient in *Common Sense*. Out of every one hundred alumni going forth from school probably ten will succeed in the world to a greater or less degree. Some will distinguish themselves in trade, some at the bar, some in the priesthood, and some in other professions; but certain it is, that those who succeed are those who

are most remarkable for their *Common Sense*. We likewise find that all the relations and duties of social life depend on *Common Sense* for their full performance. Even scholastic qualities and accomplishments are of little worth when compared with this gift. Painting, music, poetry, oratory and the like, are only the flowers of life; the root and the leaves are *Common Sense*. Now, did you ever see a florist endeavoring to cultivate a plant for the sake of its flowers and neglecting the root and leaves? Certainly not; for he knows full well that the root and leaves are intrinsically of greater importance; because on them the evolution of the flower depends. He knows that it would be the height of folly if, in his auspicious endeavor to produce a flower, he were to neglect the principal components of the plant. And herein we may find the very reason so many learned persons fail to make a mark in the world or why they are what we style cranks. They fondle, with the most anxious care and untiring zeal, the flower—such as painting, music, poetry, oratory and many other accomplishments, while they neglect the root and leaves, or *Common Sense*, by which alone the flower can be obtained.

Out of every twenty men who have raised themselves above the common level, nineteen have done so by wise judgment; and the twentieth, who might be a meteoric accident of greatness, would rise much higher with the balance-wheel of *Common Sense*. The men upon whom the vitality of a nation depends are the judicious men. The doctor, whose opinion is valued, is the man of *Com-*



*mon Sense*; the statesman who is esteemed and trusted, is the man whose reforms and revolutions are based on *Common Sense*; the best counselor is he who argues from the stand-point of *Common Sense*; even in the Church, in all cases calling for administrative abilities, the highest trust is wisely placed in, and the greatest honor bestowed on those who have cherished most and cultivated this best worldly attribute bestowed by the Creator—*Common Sense*.

*Common Sense* does not only show itself in words, but in all circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary course of life. There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man; but there is none so useful as *Common Sense*. It is this which gives value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper places and turns them to the advantage of those who possess them. Without it learning is pedantry, wit impertinence, and even virtue seems to look like weakness. Although a man has every other perfection and is wanting in *Common Sense*, he is like a beautiful boat without rudder or ballast in mid-ocean, tossed about by the least opposition. But if he has this simple talent in perfection, and a medium share of others, he will make success in his particular state of life. *Common Sense* points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable means of attaining them. It has large and extended views and like a well-formed eye commands a whole horizon. It makes man look properly forward into futurity and consider what will

be his condition after years, as well as what pertains to the present. The pleasures or pains which await him in another world are not esteemed as trifles on account of their distance from him. He sees in every action the end as well remote as proximate and esteems the reward or punishment, the joy or pain which will follow from it. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself the proper happiness of his nature and the ultimate design of his being. Finally all philosophies should be reducible to *Common Sense*, for all branches of learning are its servants. It will teach a man to search for truth with all sincerity; to seek a divine origin for it; to hold fast to his religion. It will greatly aid religion in making a man temperate and moral; it will make him use his head where other men use only their hands, and the time that a man does both, he is distinguished among his fellowmen.

And now, as a conclusion, allow me to say: You, young men, going forth from this institution, have a good chance to practice this excellent virtue; for you many impeding objects are taken away, many difficulties removed by your able corps of professors. The brush-wood which hides the land-scape from the view of ignorant men has been cleared away by the keen edge of science. Here in this institution of true learning and genuine piety you are placed on the top of the mount, in full view of the horizon. You are familiar with the nature of things, for you have practiced with the dumb-bells of knowledge. Hence, you ought to excel in the nurturing of this gift.



And I certainly hope and feel, though this institution is still in its infancy, that with the true Catholic spirit reigning here, with the sound judgment of your worthy Faculty, St. Joseph's College will in all future years as it has already in the past not be last or least in sending forth an able corps of alumni, eminent for a high degree of of learning, piety and the one thing so necessary in our days a good supply of real, genuine *Common Sense*.

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GAUDE ET LAETARE.

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Poets tell me, life is dreary,  
Fraught with sorrow, pain, and grief;  
Human hearts are sad and weary,  
Days of joy are few and brief.

In their works a note of sadness  
Seems the fundamental tone,  
While the fewer notes of gladness  
Scarce are heard midst sounds of moan.

Is this life so full of sorrow  
That I never should be gay,  
That the fears of each to-morrow  
Blight the joys of each to-day?

Let the sad and melancholy,  
Poet sing his gloomy song;  
I shall none the less be jolly  
While my buoyant heart is young.

Shall not worry, fret, and ponder  
O'er the things beyond repair,  
Resolutely rend asunder  
Gyves that gyve to bootless care.

Taste of life's unsullied pleasure,  
Drain the proffered cup of joy,  
Take an overflowing measure—  
Taste the pure—yet shun th'alloy.

Life may yield from thousand sources  
Joys which well a saint might taste,  
Joys which God Himself indorses,  
Joys as Heaven pure and chaste.

By my angel's pinions shielded  
I enjoy each nightly rest,  
To awake, when night has yielded  
Unto morn, with joyful breast.

Then my heart with pleasure beating  
Recollecting pleasant dreams,  
Wafts to God a thankful greeting  
For those golden morning beams.

For those beams now reappearing,  
For Aurora's dazzling rays—  
Ushering in the sunny, cheering  
Morn that wakes the songsters' lays.

And then listen to the voices  
Of the merry birds that praise  
Their Creator who rejoices  
At their charming, tuneful lays.

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Then I thank the Lord who sends me  
Joys as pure and sweet as these,  
Thank the blessed Lord who lends me  
This new day His love to please.

Then into the spicy morning  
Seeking nature's soft embrace,  
I review the gems adorning  
Her with ever charming grace.

Fling me with a lazy leisure  
On the moss begemmed with dew,  
I'm the lord of every treasure  
That I round about me view.

Lord of all those snowy showers  
From the cherry trees in bloom,  
Lord of all the lovely flowers  
Yielding me their sweet perfume.

Lord of meadow, grove, and bower  
Lord of all the happy land—  
All is mine by right of dower,  
Wooing nature's bounteous hand.

Lord of all the plummy singers  
Peopling my bewitching glen,  
Lusty bards of spring and bringers  
Of the purest joy to men.

Lord of all the stars above me,  
Lord of all the valued blue:  
Stars that seem to say "We love thee!"  
Azure vaults that answer: "True!"



What if mine no golden mountains—  
Gold which tolls the miser's knell—  
Mine are all the silver fountains  
Bubbling in my lovely dell.

What if mine no adoration  
Of the world, or fickle fame?  
I'd reject with detestation  
All its groundless praise and blame.

What if men do not respect me?  
If the only friend I love  
With a tender love reject me?  
Joyful still I look above.

Boldly call my Lord my debtor,  
Since I loved his child for naught;  
He repays with truer, better  
Love than that of creatures sought.

No, for sinless youth or maiden  
Earth is not a tearful vale,  
'Tis a sunny, beauty-laden,  
Cheerful, pleasant, lovely dale.

Then be no more cross and brooding,  
Let the notes of gladness ring,  
Cheery music but preluding  
Joys of Heaven's endless spring.

Let the sad and melancholy  
Poet sing his gloomy song;  
I shall none the less be jolly  
While my buoyant heart is young.

VALEDICTORY.

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Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Dear Relatives, Class-mates, Fellow-students, and Friends!

It is peculiarly fitting that we are assembled here today. In truth, this should be a day of rejoicing, for is it not a day of triumph? Yet mid our rejoicing there is a tang of deep regret, for as well as a day of triumph this is a day of parting. It is a day of triumph, because for six years we of the class of '99 have looked foreward to it as the goal of all our labors, the day which would mark the end of an era. We have acted our parts (not for us to judge how well) that today we might exclaim with the players of old: *Edite strepitum, vosque omnes cum gaudio applaudite!*

When we today wish to honor the defenders of "Old Glory" who in her name have gone and conquered, we arrange magnificent pageants of triumphs in their honor. Then it is that our boys in blue march through our streets with brows that bid defiance to the lightnings, with blossoms that heave to the victor's pride, with a step whose firmness is born of the hero's exaltation. How the heart of the soldier must throb, when in the throng he sees the one face of his—mother; how the mother's eye must glisten with a joy-tear to behold her boy a victor. And so, kind friends, are you come to honor us, to make our triumph greater. We see about us the faces of those we love; therefore we are glad. We too have gone

from home; for six swift years we have battled, and today we have conquered. Surely you will forgive us if we are proud today.

All this, however, is but the silver lining of the cloud. As I have said this is a day of parting as well as of triumph. You have come to rejoice with us, but you have also come to bid us God-speed, ere we say farewell to our Alma Mater and disperse on our several ways. This is the less delightful aspect of our commencement day.

For six long,—nay very short years have we trudged onward to this way, gladly for the most part, but who of us cannot say that sometimes it was sadly, for, after all, college life is more than play to the earnest student. How many a time have we gone to the class room with feelings of alternate hope and fear! How often patience ebbed away, when it seemed that the lesson could never be learned; and we sighed for the end of it all.

At last the beginning of the end and with it the inexplicable feeling of joy commingled with fear; joy for the end that was nigh, fear for the ordeal yet to be passed. But the hours are fleeting; and this day brings to a close the career of the class of '99. The longed for hour is here; and yet our happiness is incomplete. With it is linked a feeling of genuine sadness; for the hand-clasp that is a congratulation is a handclasp of parting as well. The moment is come when we must say farewell to Alma Mater, professors, friends, and fellow-students, and lastly when we class-mates must bid each other an affectionate adieu.



Farewell, St. Joseph's! When we, thy youngest Children, left home for thee, it was the face of a dear mother that we saw watching us, till a bend in the way left that sweet vision but a memory. Since then, St. Joseph's, thou hast been a tender foster-mother to us. Sweet are the lessons thou hast taught us, and now with a motherly eye thou dost behold us. Thy prayers, we know, are for our success; thy fears are all for us, and when thy towers will sink into the horizon a void, I fear, will have been created in our hearts. We have learned to love thy every nook. Our fondest prayer shall be that the Giver of all good may shower upon thee His choicest blessings, that thou mayest for generations yet to come rear sons, true to their God and to the flag that floats above thee. To thee, O Alma Mater, a sweet farewell!

Rev. Fathers of the Faculty: Ere we leave our college home we pause to bid you goodbye; for of all true friends whom we have met you have been the truest of the true. Therefore it is but the more appropriate that we show an appreciation of your efforts in our behalf. During these past six years whatever of good we have learned has been the result of your labors. You have guided us with fatherly care. Alas! had we but listened to your admonitions more attentively! We blundered, but you were patient! We may have seemed too light of heart, but you were kind and and willing to forgive, remembering that we were boys, as indeed, we are still. For all this we thank you. May our every success make us more grateful to you, our every failure but remind us that,

had we listened more faithfully to you, failure would never be ours; but we will not fail, for

“In the lexicon of Youth which Fate reserves  
For a bright manhood there is no such word  
As fail.”

Reverend Fathers, farewell!

Members of the class of '99: Ere the last rays of the sinking sun will again kiss the towers of our own St. Joseph's our college days will be but a host of pleasant recollections. Our common task is done, and we must part. Ere we go upon diverging ways let us linger one moment about these hallowed scenes, recall the hours we have passed together. Good feeling has been one characteristic of our class, loyalty to Alma Mater another. Our loyalty must not, however, cease with this our commencement day, rather may it increase till we as graybeards shall seek our dear old college and in the fullness of our hearts exclaim: *Morituri salutamus*. Let us prize as the apple of the eye the high ideals with which she has endowed us. Let us be men,—ideal men to whom heroism means naught more than the doing of one's duty as best one understands it. Let us scatter joy about us, true to the motto, *Non sibi, sed omnibus*, our motto, fellow-members of the class of '99. Then shall we gain from Alma Mater the smile of her approval.

We have now reached the parting of the ways, let us grasp each other's hands while yet we may; for, who knows where we shall meet again.

Therefore, our everlasting farewell take;—  
For ever and forever farewell,—  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile:  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

To you, fellow-students, we have yet to say adieu. For a few brief years our lives have run on together, but to-day "the old order changeth and giveth place to the new." To-day what we are, to-morrow you will be. We leave, but the friendship that has sprung up between us will live forever. Oh, it were a bitter thought to think that we the honored of to-day shall be the forgotten to-morrow. We trust that thus it will not be and reluctantly bid each of you a sweet but sad farewell.

Even yet the words of parting would linger on my lips. To one and all a last adieu, and I as valedictorian can but pray that

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet at Jesus' feet  
God be with you till we meet again.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

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#### MY SUNSHINE LAD.

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Ever smiling, bright-faced boy  
Thine must be a constant joy;  
Always happy, radiant, bright,  
Beaming forth thy love and light  
From those wistful, boyish eyes  
Purer than the azure skies,  
From those eyes whose heaven's hue  
Tells, like Heaven, they are true,  
Eyes more clear than crystal springs,  
Telling more than poet sings,  
Gleaming eyes whose sprightly looks  
Tell me more than all the books  
In creation ever writ,  
More than seer or sage or wit:  
Tell me that this earthly life,



Full of toil and care and strife,  
That this woful life on earth  
May be full of joy and mirth,  
Since I see thy cloudless face  
Bright with beauty, love, and grace,—  
Not with earthly gloss and shine,  
But a radiance all divine.

Seeing thee midst gloomy crowds  
Seems like viewing midst the clouds,  
Dark and dismal—from afar,  
One inviting, radiant star.  
But to see thee, happy lad,  
Makes me ever blithe and glad.  
Could I always live with thee  
All my gloom would change to glee.  
For thy bland and artless smile,  
Free of all deceit and guile,  
Gives me greater, purer pleasure  
Than the greatest earthly treasure:  
Than the glittering mounts of gold  
By the richest Croesus told.  
Thou art like a spring whose flow  
Quenches all our earthly woe.  
If our dreary earth could count  
Many such a laughing fount,  
Such a fount from which there streams  
Joy as pure and chaste as beams  
From thy candid, sinless eyes,  
Earth again were paradise.

Happy lad, for evermore  
Keep as pure as heretofore  
Thy unsullied, stainless soul,  
Thus to reach thy golden goal:  
Constant, never-ending joy,  
Ever smiling, brightfaced boy.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, '98.

THE STUDY OF BIOGRAPHY.

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OF all the literary works that fill our libraries and attract the eager reader, biography is the form that combines fascination as well as profit in the highest degree.

Great men always were, and still are, exceptional men. Biographical writings throw light both upon the times and countries that have produced these men, and upon the history of the world; for, history to a great extent is but the record of great workers and great thinkers. Biography tells us of prominent leaders, statesmen, patriots, rulers, philosophers, priests, and saints, that exerted a powerful influence and contributed in the greatest degree in effecting eventful changes not only of the ages in which they lived, but also of ages yet to come. Every careful reader of history will readily see that the causes of all the great events which are recorded may be traced to the influence of some exceptional men.

Already in ancient history we read of geniuses that God had called to accomplish His designs of mercy and justice toward mankind whenever times and circumstances demanded. Thus He raised Moses for the deliverance of His chosen people; Cyrus for the establishment, and Alexander for the overthrow of the Persian empire; both these mighty conquerors of old for the special protection of His people. As we turn the pages of history we meet with men that have been called for

the rise, progress, and downfall of empires; again with men of angelic virtues, of invincible courage, and fortitude. They are the great luminaries of history.

If the acquaintance with the greatest men of ages gone by were the only benefit to be reaped from the study of biography, it would satisfactorily compensate the student's work; but it presents another far greater advantage—it aids the reader to understand human nature more thoroughly.

By studying the motives of a hero's conduct, the capacity of his intellect, the rules and principles which he adopted, his rebelling passions, the energy or feebleness of his will, finally all the little incidents and circumstances that contribute to the development of his inclination toward good or evil, by studying all this we shall become intimately acquainted with human nature. We shall find that man, though endowed with superior gifts, is in many respects but a feeble creature, and that it is only by hard labor and unrelenting perseverance that he can procure for himself an exalted position in the walks of life.

Who has not heard of Herodotus, the father of History; of Plato, the disciple of Socrates; of Homer and Shakespeare, the greatest poets that ever lived? Their genius solicits our admiration, and the question forces itself upon us, whence did these men draw their unparalleled knowledge? No doubt, theirs was a special genius; but it was not genius alone that raised them so high above all other men. We read of Homer and Shakespeare that "their practical superiority over other men



arose from their practical knowledge of other men." Napoleon, though of a low extraction, became one of the greatest generals the world has ever seen. Being asked to what he owed his success he answered: "I know man."

From this we learn that it was the insight into the characters of others that raised these men so high and obtained for them a name in the annals of history. They live "a universal life and speak to us from their graves with great eloquence." They teach a lesson, the most important of all, what man, endowed with the faculties of will, memory, and understanding, can be, and do for good or evil. Great men are the life-blood of society. The recollections of their thoughts and deeds, of the energy exercised by them evoke courage, enthusiasm, and devotion. They spread vigor and stir all the noble faculties to action. We feel ourselves roused and elevated by the contemplation of noble characters.

Every one indulging more or less in reading finds in some books more delight than in others: One book is his special companion. To this one he has recourse for information when in doubt or perplexities; when solitary he looks for entertainment; in sorrow he seeks consolation. What book is our special companion? Is it poetry, a novel, a romance? Be it whatever it may, the most entertaining and instructive at the same time is a biography. Should we not be delighted to taste the cream of the lives of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Jerome, or of the lives of poets and other luminaries? What would an admirer of

Shakespeare not give for a biography of this unrivaled genius?

Such men are loadstones that attract the hearts of all; they are guiding stars to the rest of mankind. As we are drawn toward those with whom we associate, and as they exert a most powerful influence on our characters, so by the study of biography and by imitating the acts of those noble men, our characters will at length be considerably moulded according to our models. If you associate with persons of noble minds, with persons that have acquired wisdom, with persons that have been taught in the school of experience, you will unconsciously soar higher, you will share in their knowledge and profit by their experience. But live with wolves, says the proverb, and you will learn to howl.

We can indeed hardly over-estimate the influence which the reading of biography may exert upon our own minds. And as was remarked already, no form of literature is more entertaining, instructive and profitable. Any of the novels that find so large a number of readers, or any other fictitious biography, will not possess that interest which is experienced in the contemplation of authentic pictures of men, who have actually felt the joys and sorrows, and experienced the difficulties and triumphs of life. This is, because the charm of reality is more attractive than the charm of the most elaborate and perfectly woven fiction.

Let therefore that book be our first companion, which is to give us decision of character, and which gives us the most profitable knowledge,—the knowledge of others and of ourselves.

ERNEST J. HEFELE, '00.

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EDITORIALS.

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With this number THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN completes its fifth volume. Though still in its infancy, THE COLLEGIAN, we believe, may without becoming pretentious safely place itself as an equal by the side of many of its elder brothers. There is, as a matter of course, always room for improvement; still the staff of '98—'99 feel, they



have given satisfaction during the scholastic year just closed to the vast majority of their readers.

The one prime thing forced upon the editors during the year of their journalistic career is the verification of that old saw: *Experientia docet*. And experience in college journalism teaches a great deal. There are many pros and not a few cons when it comes to the question of college journalism, all of which have been debated and not settled by greater lights than we are, and debated ad nauseam. Leaving the theoretical part of the question to discussionists of a glibber tongue and readier pen than ours, we content ourselves by concluding from our one year's experience that the pros by far outweigh the cons. The outgoing editors will no doubt make the best of their experience in their several walks of life; may the remaining members of the COLLEGIAN staff continue to use it another year for the best interest of our journal.

We gratefully acknowledge the many kind notices regarding ourselves of most of the esteemed exchanges that reach our sanctum. To gratify our "Old Boys" that take a lively interest in the COLLEGIAN and its staff, also to please the friends and acquaintances of our abler contributors we reprint in this number a few clippings from the exchange columns of different journals. Persons interested may see therefrom how others employed in the same field of journalism judge of the COLLEGIAN.

Another Commencement belongs to the past. Another class of young men have received their



diplomas, bidden adieu to their careful Alma Mater, and entered the active ranks where the individual must fight his own fight. The day of their first Holy Communion excepted, the Boys of ninety-nine have celebrated the happiest and one of the most momentous days in their career through this busy, bustling world. May they realize its importance and enjoy its happiness. The COLLEGIAN staff extends a cordial congratulation to the class.

*Non sibi, sed omnibus*—is the beautiful motto of the class of ninety-nine. It is as free from pretension as it is fraught with meaning. Referring the *sibi* to the individual and the *omnibus* to the class as a whole, they have verified their motto strikingly. Not for one's self but for all, for the whole class. St. Joseph's has never before graduated a class that showed themselves so fundamentally and strikingly a unit as do the Boys of ninety-nine. May they verify their excellent motto with the same intensity when *sibi* stands for the class and *omnibus* for the rest of mankind.

The editors of the St. Joseph's Collegian before laying down the pen wish to extend a hand of good fellowship to all the editors whose mental products are on our exchange shelf. A merry vacation to all!

Let the brain rest and the pen rust.

Au revoir!



### EXCHANGES.

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Pile on the brown man's burden  
    To gratify your greed;  
Go, clear away the niggers  
    Who progress would impede;  
Be very stern, for truly  
    'Tis useless to build  
With new caught sullen peoples  
    Half devil and half child.

And if by chance ye falter,  
    Or lag along the course,  
Or if as blood flows freely,  
    Ye feel some slight remorse,  
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,  
    Imperialism's prop.  
And bid him for your comfort  
    Turn on his jingo sop.

We had already begun to enjoy a sweet surcease from editorial duties when the enemy's slogan was heard calling us once more into the lists. The call comes all the way from Oregon and is decidedly suggestive of the whine of a crest-fallen terrier. To be explicit, Mr. Ambrose De Marchi Gherini, editor of the MT. ANGEL BANNER, takes exception to our criticism of his eulogy on Rudyard Kipling and does this with an insolence and impudence which would shame a beaten cur. For the sake of the paper which we have the honor to represent we resolved to answer Mr. Ambrose Marchi Gherini's puerile attempt at "getting even".

In the very brief preamble to his remarks, Mr. Ambrose De Marchi Gherini makes a sorry exhibition and stamps himself as a conceited ignoramus and a blockhead, while the only difference between himself and his devoted proof-reader is a degree of ignorance and impudence. Seriously, Mr. Ambrose Gherini should blush at what he himself has written. Failing woefully to criticise honestly and honorably, he had recourse to insult and ridicule, the last resort of the controversialist, and thereby betrayed lack of sound argument, good sense, and, what is still worse, lack of good breeding, making himself deserving of the censure of every candidly critical mind because of the lamentable meanness and littleness of character displayed in his writing.

In answer to the question which Mr. De Marchi Gherini would ask of us, we can say that we have read "The Recessional", "The White Man's Burden", etc., and having read them we wonder the more how any critic can be so brazen-faced to hold that these productions have won or will win enduring literary fame for the author. True, during Mr. Kipling's recent serious illness there was much slopping over in our "great" dailies and weeklies, but as for ourselves our fear for the loss of Kipling to the literary world was because of the promise that his writings gave something truly deserving of praise. Does our friend, however, allow himself to be guided in matters literary by our "great" dailies or would he accept as criterion in matters literary the applause of the rabble? If so, small wonder that he is daft in his criticism.



Perhaps it would interest Mr. De Marchi Gherini to know that Mr. Kipling's own estimate of the "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Departmental Ditties" is so paltry that in the future editions of his poems it is his desire to have the publications of many of these poems suppressed.

Moreover, has it never occurred to our critic that these papers refusing to accept the new gospel of brutish and brutal force are least of all enthusiastic as to Kipling's literary greatness; that one reason of Kipling's notoriety is that he has a knack of striking popular chords in his verses? Has it never occurred to Mr. De Marchi Gherini that our Catholic papers protest almost as a unit against this silly hero-worship of Kipling? Has our friend never read Labouchere's or the score of other clever parodies on the "White Man's Burden", which are but just protests against the pharisaical note in that poem?

In conclusion we would respectfully refer our critic to the words of Mr. Henry Austin, a critic of no mean ability whom we quote in part:

"In the loftier region of poetry what has Kipling done to make him a laureate of the Anglo-Saxon race even supposing there were such a thing? Can any calmly critical mind regard the 'Barrack Room Ballads' as more than clever ephemeralities, destined not even to the same place in future literary estimation as Lowell's 'Biglow Papers' now hold?"

"As to the much lauded 'Recessional', the sentiment, aside from laying claim to Jehovah as peculiarly the God of the English, is far healthier,



saner, and more to the progress of civilization, than much of Kipling's, who will seriously assert that so far as technic or style goes there are not a dozen Englishmen who would have put the case as well or better?''

Mr. Austin doesn't count for much, of course, though that luckless official laureate has written some good verses; but, surely, Henley, or Rennell Rodd, has given earnest of better work than this. And if we may venture to consider critically that jingo jingle, 'The White Man's Burden', entirely apart from its horrible indifference to the plainest facts of modern history, what can be said in defence of its style? Taking the same measure as that of Heber's noble hymn 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains', to do which seems in itself like a covert sneer against the spirit of Christianity, the laureate of the Anglo-Saxon myth falls far behind the good, unlaureled Bishop in technic, as any one can see by comparing the two productions. Heber's is double-rimed, flowing, musical, and without rhetorical inversions of phrase. It leaves on the inner ear of the mind, as on the outer, a sense of beauty as well as a sense of benevolence. Kipling's is calculated to make those who 'learn Messiah's name learn it chiefly to curse with'."—LITERARY DIGEST.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.



### WHAT OTHERS SAY.

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We were delighted with the excellence of the editorial column in the ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN. It was a relief to turn to its pages after reading the editorials of many other College papers. Instead of the time-worn platitudes concerning college spirit and the impending dangers of Freshmen, we have here an entertaining bit about reading, a few remarks on American reticence, and some thoughts for the students on the lesser charities.

BOSTON COLLEGE STYLUS.

“Casey and the Captain” is the title of a well-written story in the ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN. As a whole the plot is well conceived and expressed in concise language—a quality wanting in many of the stories in our exchanges.—ABBEEY STUDENT.

Another well-written and pleasing article is “Common Sense”, in ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN. The writer brings out in the course of his essay the common-sense of great men of our own country, and advises us to take them for models. He very appropriately closes his article by quoting the well-known words of advice spoken by Polonius to Laertes.—S. V. C. STUDENT.

After reading the beautiful lines to “The Christ Child” in the December number of ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN, our hearts are filled with tender love and compassionate pity for the Infant Jesus.

The "Making of Dickey" is written in a pleasing style.—AGNETIAN MONTHLY.

"The Making of Dickey" in ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN, is a very sensible story. No one would object to a sister like Bess. There is a good deal of melody in "At the Call of the King."—SACRED HEART COLLEGIAN.

We congratulate the "St. Joseph's Collegian" on the possession of a poet of no mean ability, in the person of V. A. Schuette, '99. His productions are original and bespeak a poetic genius of great possibilities.—THE TAMARACK.

We wish to congratulate the editor of THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN for the scholarly editorial on "Education," which appeared in the December number. The editorial displayed a broader knowledge and a keener insight of the educational systems, old and new, than any other it has been our fortune to meet in a college paper. The few short-seeing advocates of a non-classical education will find it anything but an easy task to carelessly refute the opinions and teachings of such an array of great educators whose theories the editor of THE COLLEGIAN has so lucidly explained.—THE MOUNTAINEER.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN, always welcome, has been a faithful visitor. Several most creditable articles have attracted our notice, in January, Kenilworth, and in the February issue, Richelieu is an able effort. "The Princess" shows fine discrimination and a proper estimate of one of Tennyson's rarest conceptions. That a "Leaf from the Life of a Bad Boy" has received the gen-



uine touch of a ready pen seasoned with humor, was evident by the interest its reading evoked. The Editorials and Exchanges are well written and show a clear, discerning judgment.—THE ALOYSIAN.

“ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN” has a well written article on the “Effects of the Thirty Years' War on the German Literature”, a criticism on “Kenilworth”, and two good articles, “The Prompter” and “On the Banks of the Tiber”, and a very good translation entitled “Teutonic Hearts.” —THE MOUNT.

A criticism or rather an appreciation of Tennyson's “In Memoriam”, in the ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN has attracted our attention, and elicits our warmest praise. We believe, with the author, that “In Memoriam” is the sublimest, the most heartfelt tribute of love ever paid by a human being to his friend.—THE VIATORIAN.

“Smoking Room Studies” is a delightful piece of reading in the S. J. COLLEGIAN. A whole host of spirits gambols in the wreaths of smoke.—THE ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY RECORD.

The “St. Joseph's Collegian”, for March, presents three nicely written poetical selections, entitled “Morning and Evening”, “Flowers”, and “Hope”. The authors of the first two selections show their abilities for prose writing in this number also.—THE HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Quite a number of well-written essays are to be found in the last issue of our Indiana exchange—the ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN. “In Memoriam” and “The Novel of Poetry” are well treated com-



positions, and are worthy of more than a passing glance.—AGNETIAN MONTHLY.

The ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN for June contains an unusual number of contributions in the line of verse. "To my Love" is a meritorious development of an original conceit. The prose articles are all on solid, substantial subjects, which for the most part are well handled. The author of "Tennyson's Queen Mary" treats his theme in a most judicious manner and shows clearly that dramatic ability was an absent element in the make up of the late laureate. The exchange column of the COLLEGIAN though somewhat profuse at times is nevertheless well conducted.

THE TAMARACK.

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## OUR FOURTH COMMENCEMENT.

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If ever St. Joseph's celebrated a festival, excellent in its every particular, without the least discordant note to mar its general harmony, it was our fourth Commencement. This year the College graduated a very able class; the programmes and exercises were all of a very high standard; we entertained more visitors than ever before at a time; the weather during commencement week was highly favorable for the occasion, the surroundings of the College were in first class trim: in a word, everything contributed to make our Commencement celebration more than realize the most sanguine expectations.

As many of our visitors came in at an early hour, the band rendered a select programme in Aquino Hall, Wednesday evening, June 14th. Among the several pieces played the following classic selections are especially worth mention: Egyptian March by Joh. Strauss; The Poet and Peasant by F. B. Suppe; New York and Coney Island cycle march by E. T. Paull; Don Juan, selection from Mozart.

The music was greatly enjoyed, and highly flattering criticisms were expressed, for the band was such as could only be the result of the most strenuous efforts on the part of a director who is a first class artist.

During the afternoon of the following day the College Band and Military gave an entertaining exhibition on the campus, which reflected much credit on the boys in uniforms.

The programme for commencement eve, June 15th, was opened with A. B. Boielelieu's Calif of Bagdad by the band which drew a thunder of applause. The C.L.S. then rendered Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu", a critique of which appears under a separate heading.

On Commencement morning the regular programme of the day opened with divine service at 8.00 A. M. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering of Mishawaka, Ind. Rev. A. Young of Garrett, Ind., assisted as deacon, Rev. H. T. Wilken of Decatur, Ind., as subdeacon, and Rev. Chas. Guendling of Lafayette, Ind. as Master of ceremonies.

The Choir, directed and ably sustained by

Father Justin, rendered the following music with more than ordinary effect: Introitus, Sancta Parens, choraliter; Kyrie, Piel's opus 51; Graduale, Benedicta et Venerabilis es tu, choraliter; Offertory, J. B. Molitor's Ave Maria; Sanctus, Piel's Opus 45; Communion, Beata Viscera; choraliter. After service the Choir sang the beautiful "Ihr Engel dort oben", by B. Kothe.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Joseph H. Kroll, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Once before, on the feast of St. Joseph, '97, we had the pleasure of listening to a sermon by the Rev. orator, which convinced us of the fact that Father Kroll is one of the very ablest pulpit orators we know; to say that this opinion was affirmed by his late address is putting it very mildly. His words were such as should be treasured up in the hearts of every one, and of students in particular. To assign his address the place of honor in this issue of our journal is but showing scanty appreciation, we admit; but our readers will thank us even for that, though by merely reading it they miss all the benefit and pleasure derived from listening to an orator whose voice, articulation, enunciation, gestures and persuasive power must arouse the most phlegmatic temper to a lively interest.

At 9.30 all the inmates and guests of the College repaired to the Auditorium to witness the graduation exercises. The College Choir opened the programme with a selection from Tannhaeuser, arranged by Father Clement, with piano accompaniment by Prof. Carl Hemmersbach. Mr. Thomas P. Travers read the class poem with a remarkably



fine interpretation; and Mr. Felix T. Seroczynski delivered the valedictory with a pathos and energy which affirmed his listeners that every word he uttered was felt at his very heart's bottom.

The Very Rev. Vicar-General, Father Guendling of Ft. Wayne, Ind., then distributed the medals and handed the diplomas to the young men of the cap and gown. The sustained cheering and air-rending applause during the distribution attest the popularity of the happy winners. There were also a number of medals distributed for faultless conduct throughout the entire scholastic year. The names of those that received the title A. B., or carried off highest honors together with the names of the donors the reader will find on another page of the present issue.

These exercises being performed, the Very Rev. Vicar-General addressed the assembled audience and more especially the graduates with words that bespoke the ready wit, eloquence, and learnedness of the distinguished speaker. He mainly spoke about the one high end and aim of man, and the means which educated young men such as he addressed should use to attain it. His every sentence was a gem worth to be stored away in the memory of every one of the young gentlemen entering upon a new career in life.

The exercises were to close with a farewell song by the Choir; but since many of our Rev. visitors on account of their clerical duties had to leave on the train which was nearly due, this last number of the programme was omitted.

For the guests whom we had the pleasure to



entertain a day longer another programme was rendered in the evening. Every one of the six graduates from Xavier Hall playing a principal instrument in the College Band they sprung a pleasant and unsuspected surprise on the audience by treating them to a well-rendered sextet entitled "Coming of Spring". Our guests then witnessed a re-presentation of the drama "Das Heiligthum Antiochien's" by the "Teutonia", which, as our readers will recollect, had been on our stage some months ago.

This closed the festivities of St. Joseph's fourth Commencement. All in all it was decidedly superior to any of the three preceding ones, and we are much flattered to know that the many visitors, we had the pleasure to entertain, expressed themselves highly pleased with all the proceedings. Indeed, the 14th, 15th, and 16th of June were red-letter days for our Alma Mater, and more especially for her honorable sons, the Boys of '99.

Our heartfelt thanks to all the friends and patrons who honored our loved institution with their presence; and to all of them a cordial invitation to spend with us many another Commencement like to that just passed by.



## BULWER-LYTTONS "RICHELIEU".

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This drama was given June 15th by the members of the C. L. S. To render "Richelieu" is certainly a doubtful undertaking by students of humbler pretensions, because this play of Bulwer-Lytton ranks among the first artistic dramas; and such a drama is only effectually rendered by a really artistic performance. Besides it was deemed advisable to substitute the character Julie by her brother Roland. This, however, bereft the drama of its best charm, since Julie is one of Bulwer's ideal personages that please by their very presence. Considering all this the scale of disappointment must raise that of success. But thanks to the directorship of P. Benedict and the zeal of the participants we call our commencement play a perfect success.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Cardinal Richelieu.....	Thomas P. Travers.
Louis XIII., King of France.....	Joseph Mutch.
Gaston, Duke of Orleans,.....	Didacus A. Brackman.
Baradas, the King's Favorite.....	Ildephonse J. Rapp.
Adrien de Mauprat, officer in the Army.	Daniel Neuschwanger
De Beringhen, a Courtier.....	Felix T. Seroczynski.
Joseph, a Capuchin, Richelieu's Confidant..	H. Fehrenbach.
Huguet, Officer and Spy in Richelieu's service..	W. Arnold.
Francois, first Page to Richelieu.....	Pius A. Kanney.
De Lorme, Spy for Richelieu.....	Eulogius P. Deininger.
Roland de Mortemar, Julie's brother, Ward to	
Richelieu .....	William Flaherty.
Clermont, Captain of the Guard.....	John Wessel.
Governor of the Bastile.....	Sebastian Kremer.

Gaoler.....	Edward Werling.
Courtiers to King Louis.....	{ Hubert Seiferle.
	{ Cyril C. Mohr.
Courtiers to Richelieu .....	{ Sylvester Hartman.
	{ Ernest J. Hefele.
Secretaries of State .....	{ John Seitz.
	{ A. Bremerkamp.
	{ Herman Plas.
Page.....	Albin Kamm.

The play speaks very laudable for the participant members. Each actor interpreted his character with great scrutiny. But since dramatic situations are not so evident in “Richelieu” as in most other dramas, our players committed the common fault of repeating the same gesticulations in unvaried succession. A less artistic play would have brought out the dramatic abilities of our students to a greater advantage.

The character Richelieu could not have been entrusted to an abler impersonator than Mr. Thomas P. Travers. Richelieu, besides being the completest character, the centre star in the play, is also the most intricate. It requires excellence to give due justice to this character. Travers brought out the vigor and soundness of mind exhibited by the Cardinal though his appearance was that of an aged man bowed down by years of hard labor. The dispositions of the Cardinal as statesman and guardian were duly exposed by his acting. Mr. Travers acted with more aesthetic art than any other player, though perhaps not so captivating as others.

Mr. Ildephonse J. Rapp is always sure to catch the audience. His gallant acting as Baradas, branching from one great vein of expression, ever pleases in whatever manner it be performed.



Adrien de Mauprat, impersonated by Mr. Daniel Neuschwanger, appears before us as an impetuous young man, shifted by fortune from the darkest sides of life to its sunniest fields. Mr. Neuschwanger's pathetic fibre, which often impaired the correctness of his stage performance, seems to have been broken that night. This adds another leaf to his laurel wreath as actor.

Mr. H. Fehrenbach as Joseph, the Capuchin, as well as Mr. Felix Seroczynski as De Beringhen, drew many a smile from the spectators by their words and gestures. A person could hardly refrain from loud laughter on seeing these two good-natured men expressing in their simplicity earnest and silly thoughts. The weakness of the Capuchin stands in strong contrast with the greatness of Richelieu; which was well observed and nicely brought out by the actors.

With Julie passed also the freshness and attractiveness of the drama. But Roland, her brother, in the person of William Flaherty, a bright young lad, diffused in some degree part of the genial joy and gladness which is common to happy souls.

The minor parts of the drama were rendered with less spirit and self-control. A closer attention to these characters would have heightened the dramatic interest of the play.

In accepting the drama Richelieu our aim was perhaps higher than could be expected from our abilities. But the participants were all good marksmen. The resulting success ought to be an incentive to future undertakings.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

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THE ALUMNI MEETING.

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On the 16th of June at 11.00 A. M. the alumni present at St. Joseph's during commencement week held the fourth annual meeting of the association. Besides the graduates of '99 there were nine members of the class of '98, and the 97's were represented in the person of Mr. William D. Sullivan, president incumbent. However to the great regret of all, circumstances did not allow Mr. Sullivan to stay for conducting the meeting. In his absence Mr. Thomas P. Travers was chosen temporary president. After the roll call the entire class of '99 was admitted into the association. The election of officers which then followed shows the subjoined result: Mr. James Connelly, '97, Pres.; Mr. Thomas P. Travers, '99, I. Vice-Pres.; Mr. Bernard H. Recker, '99, II. Vice-Pres.; Mr. Theodore Saurer, '99, Sec.; and Messrs. John F. Cogan, '96, and James B. Fitzpatrick, '96, members of the Board of Directors.

A vote of congratulation was decreed to the Rev. Anthony Wagner, '96, one of the charter members of the association, the first and as yet the only alumnus of St. Joseph's who received orders.

In the evening of the same day the alumni had their annual banquet; it would be difficult to decide which should be made the subject of more special comment, the liberality of the good sisters in furnishing such a banquet as they did, the solid enjoyment of the same and the genuine cheerful-

ness of all the participants, or finally the ever cherished company of the beloved Rev. Prefect of Aquino Hall, Father Bonaventure, who would not but act as waiter to the alumni whose cheer he considerably heightened. SECRETARY.

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### PERSONALS.

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The following Very Rev.&Rev.Fathers were present at the Commencement exercises, June 15th and 16th: Ft. Wayne, J. H. Guendling, Vicar-General, and H. F. J. Kroll; Avilla, D. Duehmig; Chesterton, H. Juraschek; Decatur, H. T. Wilken; Delphi, Chas. Romer; Dyer, Jos. Flach; Earl Park, P. J. Weber; Fowler, H. A. Hellhake; Frankfort, P. J. O'Reilley; Goodland, Jos. Bilstein; Garrett City, A. Young; Gas City, F. B. Wiechman; Hammond, H. M. Plaster; Hanover Centre, M. Zumbuelte; Kentland, Chas. Ganser; Lafayette, J. R. Dinnen, C. B. Guendling, and F. Janssen; Laporte, Geo. Schramm; Ligonier, J. F. Noll; Lottaville, C. V. Stetter and A. Wagner; Lowell, F. Koenig; Mishawaka, A. B. Oechtering; Muncie, W. Schmidt; North Judson, P. A. Kahellek; Plymouth, Chas. Lemper; Remington, J. Berg; Reynolds, J. Kubacki; Schererville, W. Berg; Wabash, P. J. Crosson; Leipsic, Ohio, J. Bertemes. Fathers C.P.P.S.: Very Rev. B. Russ, Provincial, Celina; Rev. K. Schill, Carthagen; L. Hefe and G. Jussel, Ft. Recovery; M. Dentinger, St. Henry; V. Schirack,



Glandorf; L. Schupp, Minster; L. Linder, Winamac, Ind.

There were also present the following parents, relations, or friends of students: J. H. Recker, A.A. Arnold, Phil. Braun and son, F. J. Fralich, Mrs. M. Junk, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kamm and daughter, Mrs. M. Keilman, Mrs. T. Seroczynski, Mr. John Steinbrunner, Mr. and Misses Tiernan. Mrs. C. Wessel, Mr. E. R. Wills, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Uphaus, Mrs. E. Dams and daughter. Mrs. E. Zimmerman, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Faist and daughter. Mr. A. Rapp.

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### CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

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The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon:

Pius A. Kanney,  
Vitus A. Schuette,  
Thomas P. Travers,  
Theodore B. Saurer,  
Ildephonse J. Rapp,  
Felix T. Seroczynski,  
Protus L. Staiert.

A certificate for the successful completion of the Normal Course was awarded to

Charles A. Uphaus.

Certificates for the successful completion of the Commercial Course were awarded to

Bernard H. Recker,  
Otto T. Holtschneider,  
Charles F. Fralich.

AWARD OF MEDALS.

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The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in Religion was awarded to

THEODORE B. SAURER.

Donor, Very Rev. J. Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind.

Next in merit:

Vitus A. Schuette,

Pius P. Kanney.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in Latin was awarded to

THOMAS P. TRAVERS.

Donor, Very Rev. Henry Drees, Carthagen, O.

Next in Merit:

Pius A Kanney,

Ildephonse J. Rapp.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in English Literature was awarded to

THOMAS P. TRAVERS.

Donor, Rev. F. Wiechman, Gas City, Ind.

Next in Merit:

Vitus A. Schuette,

Ildephonse J. Rapp.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in History was awarded to

THEODORE B. SAURER.

Donor, Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering,

Mishawaka, Ind.

Next in Merit:

Vitus A. Schuette,

Thomas P. Travers.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in Greek was awarded to

PIUS A. KANNEY.

Donor, Rev. A. Schott, Chicago, Ill.

Next in Merit:

Thomas P. Travers.

Protus L. Staiert.

The Gold Medal for the best Written Examination in Mathematics was awarded to

VITUS A. SCHUETTE.

Donor, Dr. A. F. Cramps, Chicago, Ill.

Next in Merit:

Pius A. Kanney,

Theodore B. Saurer.

The Gold Medal for the highest honors in the Normal Department was awarded to

Charles A. Uphaus.

Donor, Rev. J. Uphaus, Carthagen, O.

The Gold Medal for the highest honors in the Commercial Department was awarded to

BERNARD H. RECKER.

Donor, Hon. Mayor T. McCoy, Rensselaer, Ind.

Next in Merit:

Otto T. Holtschneider,

Charles F. Fralich.

The Silver Medal for the best drilled Officer was awarded to

WILLIAM H. HORDEMAN.

Donor, The G. A. R., Rensselaer, Ind.

The Extraordinary Medal in the Military Department was awarded to:

MAJOR FRANK J. KUENLE.



Medals for faultless conduct throughout the year were awarded to:

In Xavier Hall.

S. Hartman,  
L. Huber,  
S. Kramer,  
A. La Motte,  
L. Linz,  
A. Schuette,  
H. Seiferle,  
B. Staiert,

In Aquino Hall.

P. Biegel,  
C. Hils,  
A. McGill,  
J. Mutch,  
H. Plas,  
M. Schwietermann,  
H. Wellman,  
E. Werling.



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HONORARY MENTION.

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## FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the month of June appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

## 95-100 PER CENT.

F. Kuenle, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, C. Uphaus, G. Diefenbach, E. Wills, H. Hoerstman, E. Werling, B. Recker, P. Biegel, O. Holtschneider, C. Fralich, A. Bremerkamp, H. Plas, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Wellman, F. Theobald, L. Walther, P. Wahl, C. Wetli, A. Schlaechter, J. Braun, T. Ehinger, A. Kamm, C. Hemsteger, L. Dabbel't, H. Kalvelage, M. Schwieterman, F. Wagner, B. Hoerstman, L. Wagner, C. Hils, A. Junk, T. Brackmann, D. Brackman, L. Linz, S. Meyer, E. Hefeale, H. Seiferle, C. Miller, R. Stoltz, B. Staiert, M. Koester, S. Kremer, A. LaMotte, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, A. Schuette, M. Schmitter, B. Alt.

## 90-95 PER CENT.

O. Bremerkamp, S. Shenk, J. Trentman, J. Wessel, W. Flaherty, L. Tansey, J. Naughton, N. Keilman, H. Fehrenbach, F. Ersing, S. Hartman, B. Holler, R. Monin, E. Flaig, L. Hoch, B. Scherzinger, C. Grube, F. Steinbrunner, F. Didier.

## FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of

those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the month of June. The names of those that reached an average of from 84-90 per cent will be found in the second paragraph.

90-100 PER CENT.

T. Travers, E. Wills, J. Steinbrunner, S. Shenk, J. Braun, W. Flaherty, J. Seitz, L. Walther, L. Dabbelt, I. Rapp, T. Saurer, V. Schuette, P. Kanney, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, H. Seiferle, R. Monin, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, A. Koenig, C. Grube, I. Wagner, H. Knapke.

84-90 PER CENT.

W. Hoerdeman, J. Mutch, C. Uphaus, E. Werling, H. Plas, F. Theobald, B. Recker, C. Hemsteger, F. Seroczynski, W. Arnold, H. Hoerstman, A. Bremerkamp, A. McGill, J. Trentman, H. Muhler, M. Schwieterman, P. Staiert, T. Kremer, E. Hefelee, X. Jaeger, B. Staiert, L. Huber, E. Flaig, F. Steinbrunner, F. Didier, B. Scherzinger.













